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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

J. B. YERRINGTON & SON, PRINTERS.

VOL. XXII. NO. 1.

BOSTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1852.

WHOLE NO. 1095.

## The Liberator.

ATTACKS OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS AND JOHN SCOBLE UPON GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ., M. P.

December 1, 1851.

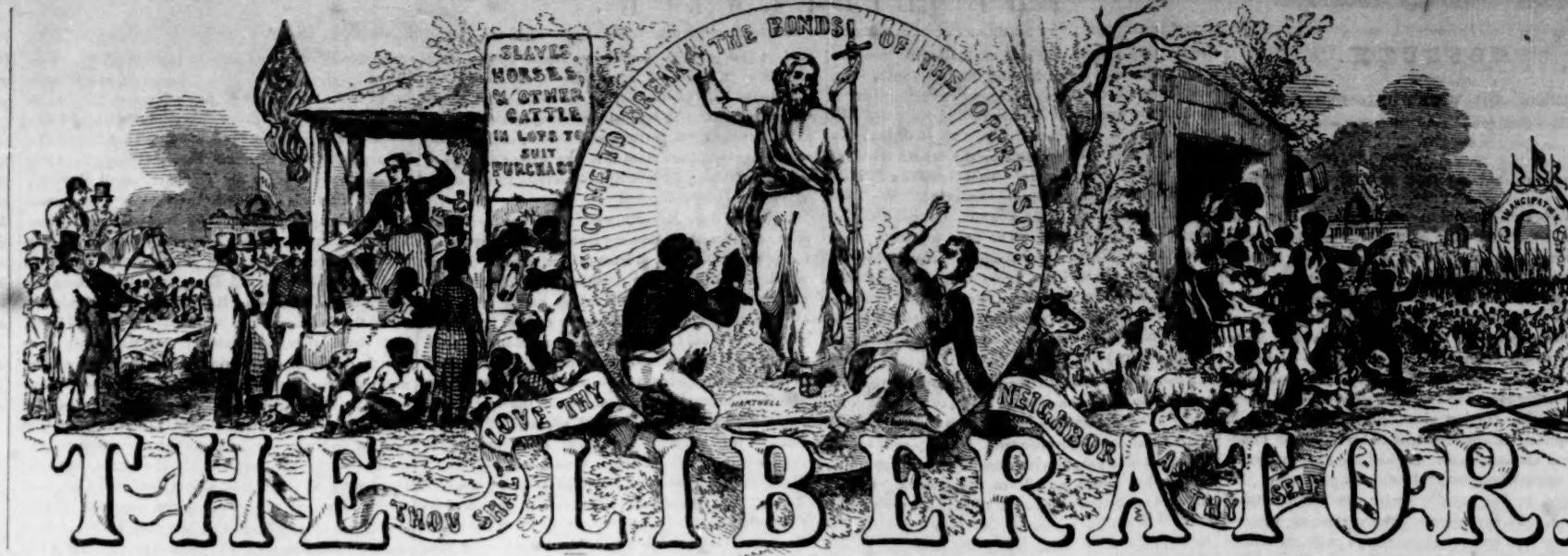
My Dear Sir:  
I am not presumptuous enough to imagine, that at which you have already done, could have been performed by myself. Difference of position may, however, have given me additional means of knowledge to those possessed by yourself upon the subject in question, and I may be able to render still more the reputation of calumnies endeavored to be cast upon our common friend. You have, indeed, most ably treated the attack of the first gentleman in the heading of this letter, and before this reaches you, in all probability you will have dealt with the other gentleman in like manner; but a few additional remarks to what you have already said, will, I trust, be unacceptable from one who well knows, and can fairly take upon himself in some degree to represent, the sentiments of Mr. Thompson's friends on this side the Atlantic.

I have experienced greater pain and disgust than that passing the article from Frederick Douglass's pen, upon Mr. Webb's letter, and the impudent statement of John Scoble at Brooklyn—pain at the writing, and, I must say, wanton, attack of the Rochester New Organization proselyte—disgust at the hypocritical libel of the Broad Street Committee upon Mr. George Thompson. Here they have exacted universal reputation of the ingratitude of the pretenders of liberals against a sincere and trusted friend; ay, and however their pride may remain at the application of the term, a generous and noble benefactor. Also! that Mr. Thompson should ever have caused to say of Frederick Douglass, as well as John Scoble, "I gave him bread; he has not stung me a scorpion!" It is lamentable to see men, whose disparity of mental stature and moral influence were as great as that of a giant and dwarf, leagued together to endeavor to impair, and, if possible, to destroy, the public and private character of one, whom I am certain all candid men among the New Organizers, however they may differ with him in opinions as to the most fitting means to be employed to abolish slavery, will nevertheless delight to honor, and whose talents and devotion to the anti-slavery cause they will unhesitatingly acknowledge to have been without parallel in Europe. The simultaneousness of the attacks at Rochester and Brooklyn may have been accidental; but, certainly, it furnishes ground of suspicion for preconcert, especially when viewed in connection with that extraordinary scene,—perfectly antic in its performance,—which was recently enacted at the Buffalo Convention, of the ostentatious intemperance of those two old abolitionist amateurs, "Brother Douglass" and "Brother Scoble." The unkindness of Mr. Thompson to Frederick Douglass, in 1843, 1845 and 1847, and also the fact that John Scoble owes the very bread he has eaten for years to the same generous benefactor, renders the publication of falsehoods reflecting upon his public and personal character at which I will not be at liberty to designate, but which the world will know how to stigmaize.

I will, for the present, confine myself to the only really powerful or important of these assailants of Mr. Thompson—Frederick Douglass. Indeed, the difference in moral stature and moral position between him and his colleague is so great, that while half of the one would excite the attention and stir the surrow of mankind, the other might deserve to be entirely unnoticed, and certainly unpitied. At the risk of being charged with performing a work of supererogation, I will, however, next week furnish you with a few facts, justifying even stronger expressions than those I have used towards this less potent antagonist of Mr. Thompson, Mr. John Scoble.

I regret that occasion should have arisen for a refutation of these calumnies; nor would I have attempted it, without a strong feeling of imperative necessity for so doing. I know the use which the pro-slavery party make of any breaches among the friends of the slave, and especially among men holding such prominent positions as Messrs. Thompson and Douglass. It is, moreover, painful to me to utter a word of dispraise of Frederick Douglass, towards whom I have entertained and uniformly expressed the highest esteem, believing that his genius has placed him at the head of the colored race, and that his magnificent oratory and powerful writings have demonstrated the natural intellectual equality of his race with that of the Caucasian cretins by whom even he is trampled upon and degraded in the United States. But, at the same time, I feel that a neglect to vindicate the character of so noble and distinguished a man as Mr. Thompson would be the greater evil of the two to the anti-slavery cause; and that a refutation of the fallacies and misrepresentations of Frederick Douglass, however elementary to his own personal and official character, will be more serviceable to the cause of abolitionism than the political capital which slaveholders may endeavor to make out of disunion in the anti-slavery cause.

Some years of personal friendship with Mr. Thompson, and a very humble co-operation with him in anti-slavery labors, would demand from me a reply to what I know to do me. I should, indeed, be guilty of a dereliction both of private and public duty, were I not to expose the falsehoods of statements and insinuations, which, in October, 1851, Frederick Douglass has thought proper to make respecting the public and personal character of man, whom, up to the May preceding, he had publicly recognized as his warm personal friend, and whom he had eulogized as his noble, untiring, and self-sacrificing colleague in the cause of the emancipation of his own race. Nothing has intermediately been done by Mr. Thompson to provoke or justify this personal attack. The change has evidently



# THE LIBERATOR.

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J. B. YERRINGTON & SON, PRINTERS.

## NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS "A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL."

"Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons... To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT!"—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

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ly been made by party spirit, which, I fear, has made some havoc of the character of Frederick Douglass, but which, I trust, has not so far destroyed the truthful and generous within him, as to prevent his admission of the fact, that from the man whom he has thus attacked, he has not, during his life, received a single unkind word, or a solitary unfriendly action. Had the controversy rested simply upon the merits of the Bristol discussion, at which I was present,—although I have my own decided opinion on that subject, formed, too, very materially, from Mr. Douglass's own teaching,—I should not have written a word upon the matter. I have no fear of the result of any contest which may arise between Mr. Douglass and Mr. Thompson, and should not have interfered, on this occasion, had not the former gentleman had recourse to poisoned foils. In speaking or writing to you upon anti-slavery subjects, as you know, I have carefully avoided the painful subject of Mr. Douglass's secession from the American Anti-Slavery Society. The suddenness of the conversion certainly greatly surprised those who were his anti-slavery pupils, and to whom he preached, as his fundamental and well-nigh absorbing doctrine, the damnable guiltiness of the American Constitution, and the impossibility without treason to God and a sacrifice of the cause of the slave, of taking political action under it. No damnation was more fearful, no thunder more terrific, than that launched by him against that which is now his anti-slavery gospel. The American Constitution was then the heresy of heresies, and what ever abolitionist was base enough to subscribe to it at the application of the term, a generous and noble benefactor. Also! that Mr. Thompson should ever have caused to say of Frederick Douglass, as well as John Scoble, "I gave him bread; he has not stung me a scorpion!" It is lamentable to see men, whose disparity of mental stature and moral influence were as great as that of a giant and dwarf, leagued together to endeavor to impair, and, if possible, to destroy, the public and private character of one, whom I am certain all candid men among the New Organizers, however they may differ with him in opinions as to the most fitting means to be employed to abolish slavery, will nevertheless delight to honor, and whose talents and devotion to the anti-slavery cause they will unhesitatingly acknowledge to have been without parallel in Europe. The simultaneousness of the attacks at Rochester and Brooklyn may have been accidental; but, certainly, it furnishes ground of suspicion for preconcert, especially when viewed in connection with that extraordinary scene,—perfectly antic in its performance,—which was recently enacted at the Buffalo Convention, of the ostentatious intemperance of those two old abolitionist amateurs, "Brother Douglass" and "Brother Scoble."

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What is the jurisdiction of Parliament?

It has uncontrollable authority in making, abrogating, repealing and revising laws. It can regulate and new model the succession to the crown; alter or establish the religion of the land; and even change the Constitution of the kingdom; and of Parliaments themselves.

Now, that is an extract from a book most extensively used in schools, called 'Mangnall's Historical and Miscellaneous Questions for the Use of Young People.' Edited by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M. A. It is very probable that Frederick Douglass may be able to purchase the work in the United States; if so, he had better do it, for I am sure he will agree with me, that it is not seemly that an American editor should possess an amount of information, upon a topic so important in the career of Mr. Douglass, and giving him full credit for that which he appeared to possess when in England,—an ingenuous character, and a sincere attachment to the cause of the slave, not for any individual benefit or aggrandizement, but for the sake of the cause itself,—we acquired him of the charge, of which an ordinary man would have been guilty, of apostasy, and freed him from the suspicion of any thing like sinister motives. With the means of information we possessed, we charitably came to the conclusion, that he was one of those unhappy instances of 'perversion' as they are now called in this country, like those of Protestantism to Popery, arising from some mental illusion, by which the jet black of yesterday appears the pure white of to-day. But, I regret to say that, with all our predilections in his favor, the style of his recent article, and his ungenuine personalities to his own friends and fellow-laborers in the same mission, have greatly weakened that belief in the conscientiousness of his change of communion. Making every allowance for the proverbial hot and overdone seal of new proselytes, still there is something in the mode in which he defends his new party, indicative, not of an intelligent conversion, but, as some here unhesitatingly put it, of a consciousness of the pieces of silver being in his pocket, and that he must therefore do the bidding of the rulers, and surrender to crucifixion the characters of those whom he had just deserted, and with whom he had just broken bread. Else why that pettiness and absence of cool argument which Frederick Douglass can employ, and which he knows is the most powerful means of convincing men who are in theoretical error? He knows that personal vilification is not a fitting instrument for conversion. A talented advocate, like him, would never have conducted his case in such an undignified and virulent spirit, had he possessed confidence in the merits of his cause. He must have had a similar endorsement upon his brief to that said once have been put into the hands of a barrister—No case. Please to abuse the plaintiff's attorney.

Before proceeding to his personal attack upon Mr. Thompson, I will dispose of some false statements of assumed facts upon which the whole of his superstructure is based; and here Frederick Douglass has placed himself upon the horns of a pretty considerable dilemma. Either he has been guilty of intentional misrepresentation, in the belief that the general want of information upon English laws and customs in America would enable any misrepresentation to pass muster there,—a motive which I do not impute to him,—or else he has made such bad use of his nineteen months' residence in this country, with all the facilities of knowledge afforded him, as to have returned to America ignorant of facts, public and notorious to the most superficial observer of public usages.

He tells his readers that Mr. Thompson, a member of the British Parliament, "has sworn to support the British Constitution." Now, this is false in fact. No member of Parliament is sworn to do any thing of the kind. There are three things to which they are sworn, only one of which is in fact applicable to the present day:—First, to shew the Pope's spiritual supremacy in England, (a provision introduced by Henry VIII., after the Reformation); secondly, to be loyal to the sovereign, (a precaution introduced by that wise monarch, James I.); and thirdly, to abjure the Prelacy, or, in other words, to support the House of Brunswick, and resist any attempt to restore the old and now extinct tyrannical dynasty of the Stuarts, (an oath introduced by William III., soon after the settlement of the Crown upon the House of Brunswick). Notwithstanding you kindly pointed out his blunder in this as well as other points, he most persistently reiterates them. It may be humiliating to a man in his position to have to confess his ignorance upon matters public and notorious, but that will be less degrading than involving himself in a charge of wilful falsehood. I hope this is not to be taken as a specimen of the general intelligence and scrupulousness of American editors in dealing with facts. It is a kind of ignorance by no means creditable to Mr. Douglass, as a journalist; for there is no portion of Parliamentary usage which has been so often and so thoroughly discussed, within the last four years, as the subject of Parliamentary oaths. Within that period, three elections have taken place in the city of

London, in the person of Baron Lionel Rothschild prominently bringing out that question; and one also at Greenwich, in the person of Mr. Alderman Salmons. At least half a dozen debates have taken place upon it in the Houses of Lords and Commons. If the Rochester editor reads any English newspaper, he must have seen leader upon leader on the subject, giving such an amount of information as leaves the ignorance of a journalist upon it inexplicable.

If Mr. Douglass persists in his statements, that Mr. Thompson is sworn to the British Constitution—that he has sworn 'to preserve the relations between Church and State,' or that he is not even at liberty to upset that connection to-morrow, if it be in his power—that he has even sworn 'to preserve the integrity of the doctrine, discipline and government of the Church of England'—that, as a member of Parliament, he supports 'a system of things,' by which one religious denomination has an exercise of power to compel all others to contribute to its support—if he persists in these gross misrepresentations after his error is pointed out to him, then his character for veracity will be destroyed in the old world, and with all intelligent and well-informed men in the new. I do not wish to offend his *amor proprius*, in which I know he is not deficient, but it may serve to make him, for the future, more careful in asserting facts to know, that while believing the statements to have been made in error, and not willfully, his old friends and admirers have regarded it as one of the most extraordinary instances of *wool-gathering* which any man of talent and genius ever fell into; and an editor, for

would have had the satisfaction of knowing that they were opposed to a party who could beat them hollow in length of purse and unscrupulousness in the employment of means.

Why, Wilberforce spent £100,000 in a single election in Yorkshire, and posterity

do not look upon that as the most creditable end of his history.

Institutions for men, not men for institutions,' is the maxim by which my actions would be governed, in all proposals to alter amend, or abolish any of the established customs of the country.'

In the same address, Mr. Thompson stated what he intended to do upon ecclesiastical reforms, the language of which statement will, I think, settle the point about the swearing to 'support the doctrine, discipline and worship of the Established Church,' and to maintain the connection between Church and State; at least, it will be conclusive with all those who believe that Mr. Thompson would not purchase ecclesiastical honors at the expense of wilful perjury:—

'I think that the result of a tolerably extensive acquaintance among the most eminent and thoughtful of the Dissenters of this country—a patient study of their history and principles—and a reverent attempt to understand the scriptural nature of a Christian Church, and the divinely-appointed means of extending the knowledge and influence of religion—has been to bring me to an enlightened, as I am sure, the process of remodelling them, and of sometimes substituting others in their place more in consonance with the ripened intelligence and new wants and circumstances of the people. They are meant to an end, and should never be regarded as the end itself.

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at the price of lavish eulogies laid on the footstool of every tyrant—he shall dip his pen in the gorgeous hue of the sunlight, and write, 'This was a greater man yet; he was a Garrison, an O'Connell, a Fayett.' (Loud and continued cheers.)

Now, this is the exact difference which the anti-slavery world recognizes in Kossuth. He is the man who has consented to borrow his tone from the atmosphere in which he moved. He has offered America the incense of his eulogy, and has by that course, consented to do service to the dark spirit of American slavery. We find no fault with any expression of his gratitude. But gratitude with the administration of the country was not necessary to the eulogy of all its institutions. A man may be a benefactor, without endorsing his character!

He comes to a land where every sixth man is a slave, and where the national banner clings to the flag-staffs heavy with blood, and the lips which proclaim the freedom of the Hungarian serf have found no echo but fury! He came to a land where the title is prohibited by statute to three millions of Hungarians, whom, also, the marriage institution is a desecration, and the eminently religious Hungarians can find no occasion but for fury!

He comes to a land where almost every village in the state has more than one trembling fugitive who does not tell his true name, and the great martyr of personal liberty can find no occasion but for fury!

He comes to a land of the fundamental arrangements of such government, John Quincy Adams says, "it is not the compass of human imagination to find a more perfect exemplification of the art of uniting the lands to the custody of the wolf," and that when a government a democracy would be to gain an end, what will men say of the Jesuit who thought that he owed it to Hungary to serve her, or, indeed, imagined that he could serve her, by lips that clung not to the truth? When Rome's ransom was weighing out, the insolent conqueror flung his sword into the scale against it. So at the moment when the fate of the slave hangs trembling in the balance, and all he has herewith to weigh down the brute strength of his oppressor is the sympathy of good men and the indignant protest of the world, Kossuth, with the eyes of all nations fixed upon him, throws the weight of his great name, of his lavish and unqualified approbation, into the scale of the slaveholder, crying out the while, 'Non-intervention'!

Truly, these eyes that see no race but the Magyar, and no wrongs but those of Hungary, may be the eyes of a great Hungarian and a great patriot, but God forbid they should be the eyes of a man or a Christ-

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For the Liberator.  
TO KOSSUTH.  
BY W. E. CHANNING.

Spurn! spurn the bribe! fad not the Southron river!  
Death courses in its crimson tide forever;  
A flood of sin too strong for man's recalling,  
Where Slavery reigns, and breeds its crimes appalling.

What freezing mockery to make Slavery's speeches,  
And waft thy blessing o'er its bloody reaches!

That soil wide streaming with the negro's anguish;  
Their fetters clank, in prisons still they languish.

Spared, scorned and branded, they survive, half dy-

ing—  
Wives sold, child sold—the scourge, the scourge re-

plying—  
Our brother-men—true rulers of this nation,  
Victims of what? but thee and thy nation!

Observe their deathless scorn as traitor hanging,  
Around thy neck their chains of horror clang;

Thou dost not meddle with domestic duties,  
And will accept fell Slavery and its beauties.

Our bragging land will wreck, and Freedoms perish;  
God has some heart, nor doth Hell's statutes cherish!

Soon shall the States be lashed by dread commotion—  
One fate to all, one flood, one vengeful ocean.

Those tortured hearts to Heaven for life are crying;  
God's angel to their thirsty hopes replying,

The day shall dawn, this terror dark shated,  
I am not spoused with Sin, with Satan mated.

From Dismal Swamps of Carolina's planting,  
From Georgia's hills, the volleyed hymn is chanting;

Give back our freedom! slaves all past describing;

Hungary martyr, scorn their loathsome tribing!

Demand our prompt deliverance! cry in thunder,  
And stir the torpid soul to joy and wonder!

Burst off these chains, our freedom just demanding,  
Then ford yon stream, each heart thine own com-

manding!

For the Liberator.

LINES ON THE RECEPTION OF LOUIS  
KOSSUTH IN NEW YORK.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

'Tis all a farce, Kossuth!—the very knaves

Who've yelled, and drank champagne, and yelled

again,

Are marked and known themselves the slaves of

slaves,

And for a paltry sum thyself would chain!

The drunken statesmen, who now strain their throats,

Would sell thee in the mart, or trade thee off for

votes!

AY! bind thee, honored Magyar!—give thee up

To Russian vengeance and to Austrian rage;

Give thee to drink the dregs of that dark cup,

Earth's tyrants fill unceasing, age on age;

Their children sell—they wile to foul pollution,—

And quote Stuart's Conscience and the Constitution.'

Let Nichols but touch the wants of Trade,

Make Wall-street feel, and State-street groan and

quiver,

George Wood would toil, great Sandford be afraid,

And all the 'patriots' round thee shake and shiver;

They'd hasten to bind thee with a legal thong,

And send thee to thy doom as they sent HENRY LONG!

They'd fix a manacle upon each limb;

The Press would curse thee as a guilty bandit;

And swelling priest, with prayer and pious hymn,

Would prove from sacred Scripture, God had

plans'd it!

Make him appear thy oppressor's friend—and he,

For a bon air, matchless in blasphemy!

Dost think, Kossuth, that this is new to us?

This uproar—this wine-drinking—this speech-

making?

We've had it many a year—'twas always thus—

A little louder now, more glasses breaking;

But 'tis essentially old Barnum's game—

Joice Heth, Tom Thumb, and Jenny, had the same.

And when thou'st gone from us, O Magyar brave,

Perchance some dancing harlot next will come;

Round her hotel shall the same banners wave,

And by her carriage wheels the same men run;

Statesmen will walk with her along Broadway,

And well-fed priests bow low in open day!

I mind the time when up from Mexico,

The first instalment of lame corporals came:

Twas then, as now, big talking—tears would flow!—

This is the same old play, changed but in name.

Heavens! how the 'City Fathers' spent the money!

Marched round with life and drum, all feeling sad and

funny.

But soon the game were out—more corporals came,

Expecting wine and supper—to be praised;

But doomed to disappointment, lost to fame,

They came too late, the devil had been raised!—

The gas was low—they couldn't raise a dollar;

Nought less than a dead major would make them drink

or holler!

The New York clerks, those genteel puppet bands,

The Broadway world know well their tollund valor;

They, all resplendent from the tailor's hands,

With young moustache, and hair well smoothed

with talow,

Have erst been known, untroubled, after dark,

To march from Battersea up to Hudson Park!

They're read of moated towers and countercamps—

Seen pictures of proud forts with frowning walls—

Heard bands of music—played themselves jews-

harp—

Looked upon shot—'heard tell' of cannon balls!

Are willing in thy cause to toil and bleed,

But scarce know gunpowder from onion seed!

They know the art of war, its blood and din;—

At the cheap theatres they've seen it acted;

Safely 'entreated' and 'forfeited' with gin,

Have heard a pistol fired, now donee disgraced;

And 'counter-marches,' too, we do not doubt;

They've 'done' em' many a time when 'Boss was out.'

Great men to scream are they! they always go

To scenes like these—and War's stern ways be-

inguing;

Break women's hearts while selling calico,

And maid know well they understand 'defiling';

The 'column charge'—they've got good business talents;

They've made it many a time—and 'struck the bal-

ance!'

Mighty Plantagenet Morris! Sandford great!

With new cocked hat and epaulets complete,

How will the Austrian quail, and fear his fate,

When, arm in arm, they walk Vienna's street!

Hapsburg shall tremble for its regal head,

And Nicholas won't dare to go to bed!

Speaking of cannon balls, those trifling things

Which knock the daylight out of common folks,

Great Plantagenet know of them, and sing;

And Sandford, great and grand, has read the jokes:

They know how Death upon the red field looks—

They've seen his picture drawn, and read it all in

books.

But 'they won't go to battle'—then, Kossuth,

Just get some puffy toads, with large fierce eyes,

And mouths severe—and put on gold-laced cross-

wis;

Mount them on donkeys, bid them scream and yell—  
They'd frighten people more—and fight as well.

The toads come cheaper, too—though I can't say  
Just what they drink, but know it's not champagne;

Nor eat they duck and oysters every day;

Are very virtuous, and don't complain;

They quite eschew th' intoxicating cup,

And need no feather beds, for they sleep standing up.

Lo! while the clerks and merchants drop their coin,

And give their 'princely' gifts to fill thy coffer,

George Cophay offerto blow his horn

Among the mountains—rather a windy offer;

I doubt if Indian valor much arouses

At sight of Indian chief—in coat and trowsers!

But still 'twas generous in him thus to pledge

The red man's valor unto Hungary's cause—

These poor exiles, robed and plundered, wage

No war but for their wigwams—white men's laws

Have made them aliens in their native land!

A wronged and peeled, a bruised and wasted band.

Yankees can fight; they are brave,

But only for Oppression; who will fight?

Great love of freedom, hunt the flying slave,

And work like Vulcans for a nation's chain!

They dance attendance on the man-thief bold,

And do his dirty work for dirtier gold.

The Magyar takes the man-thief's crimsoned hand,

Who rules the bondmen with an iron rod;

Flatters the mean and hypocritical band,

Who trample 'neath their feet the room or God!

The Hero needs the shameless robber's kick,

And Koszta's foot is on the Negro's neck!

O Magyar chief! O thou, whose mighty mind

Should read men as the pages of a book,

How cast thou to deception so blind,

And suffer fools upon thy face to look:

Mistake, for patriot voice, each Bray of ass,

And count real the escape of gas!

It is thy just reward—God's righteous hand

Reaps the reward!—thou shalt hope in vain;

These eyes shall never see thy native land;

Redeemed, and free from a host of woes;

Redeemed, and free from a host of woes;